



The Holt County Sentinel.



56TH YEAR.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1920.

NUMBER 11.

Had A Good Time.

Notwithstanding the persistent efforts of Jupiter Pluvius to put a complete quietus on our people celebrating the Fourth of July in a real hilarious manner, he failed to some extent, for every feature of the program, with one exception, was carried out, and he doubtless succeeded in preventing many from coming on account of the road conditions, caused by the heavy rain of the early morning.

The band started things moving at 11 a. m., and by the noon hour there was a good crowd present, and by 2 p. m., the crowd had grown considerably as the clouds had rolled by and the people entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion.

The platform program was opened with invocation by Rev. H. A. Feldman, and an address of welcome by Rev. E. A. Pauli, and the regular program was then taken up.

Hon. Jas. R. Page, of Kansas City, was unable to fill his place on the afternoon program, by reason of the demoralized condition of the train schedule on the lines between St. Joseph and Kansas City, but he arrived on the Villisca train in the evening.

Mrs. Alberta Green-Murphy, county superintendent, conducted a 30-minute program, and presented athletic badges to a number of school pupils who had earned them the past school year, and in connection delivered a brief talk on "Greater America." She said in part:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart has not swelled with
patriotic devotion when he has looked
upon the land of his birth, the home
of the fathers, the very pride of his
soul?"

"The affections of man cling devotedly to his native land even though he suffer under the yoke of oppression; since this is true, with what patriotic devotion should we not behold this—our goodly heritage—the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"Our forefathers did much, they suffered all kinds of hardships, you, even death itself, in order to carve out of the wilderness this wonderful home for us. What are we, their children, doing to carry on?"

"Boys and girls, you are historians of the future. Do you know that you are making history, and that the thoughts you are now thinking will be crystallized into your deeds and actions of the next few years?"

"Every great deed that was ever performed had first to be a thought in some one's mind; so, also, every wicked crime that was ever committed had first to be a thought in some one's mind. It behooves us therefore, old and young, to keep our thoughts noble and good and pure; if we do that, our actions will be noble and good and pure."

"We are writing a gospel, a chapter each day,
By the deeds that we do, by the thoughts that we say;
Men read what we write, either faulty or true,
Say, what is the gospel according to you?"

God has made America a very beautiful country, its wonderful scenery, with its soft serene skies, its blue far-off mountains, its glad green isles, this all satisfies our beauty loving souls; its remarkable fertility feeds and clothes our bodies. Yes, God has done His part; now we must do our part—for, you know, a country is just as great, just as wonderful, just as good as its peoples. Now, girls and boys, men and women, every time that you think good thoughts, say kind things, perform good actions, you are making this country of ours better and nobler; while on the other hand, whenever you think bad thoughts, say mean, unkind things, perform wicked actions, you are dragging our country down, down to the depths—you are helping to make it a place in which you will not want to live.

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan,
Nothing is worth the making if
It does not make the man."

"Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build America—
Unless the builder also grows."

"With God's blessing resting upon her, may our country prosper, and may her people, old and young, girls and boys, youths, adults, our whole people, always steadfastly working for the promotion of her highest interests be able to say with the poet:

"Our country first, our glory and our pride,
Land of our hopes, land where our fathers died;
When in the right, we'll keep thy honor bright,
When in the wrong, we'll die to set it right."

The clouds came back and gave us another shower, sending many back to their homes, about 5 o'clock, but it lasted only a short time, and those who did stay found abundant shelter, and did not seem to worry much on account of the rain.

The clouds soon rolled away, the sun shone brightly and things began to move again in the right spirit.

In the evening the band called the people together and there was a big crowd present to hear Mr. Page, who spoke for more than an hour. His principal theme was the League of

Nations, and he was strongly opposed to any league, and especially as the one brought back from Versailles. His address was well received by the crowd, and he was frequently applauded—it was brim full of thorough 100 per cent Americanism. He has a splendid, far reaching voice, and every word was clearly enunciated. He spoke with earnestness and deliberation, impressing his audience with his honest conviction as to his views, no matter as to the opinions of others, which they had a right to possess.

After the speaking the orchestra from St. Joseph took their places at the Moore corner, where the paved street had been nicely prepared for dancing, and dancing was the order until well past the midnight hour, and while this was going on the committee in charge kept the fireworks ablaze with a fine display of fire-works.

The largest crowd of the day was here from five p. m. until midnight, and the crowd during these hours averaged up with that of our usual Fourth of July crowds.

With all the rain, which measured 2.86 inches, we had a splendid Fourth of July celebration.

The Sentinel, while complimenting all these taking part and the various committees, wishes to pay special mention to our local band, twenty strong, under the direction of H. A. Evans. We never had any better music or more of it, with more pep and snap in it.

June, 1920, Weather.

June, 1920, was a month of extremes, alternating cool and warm periods approximately a week each, giving a mean temperature of 70 degrees, within two degrees of the normal for June. We had 92 degrees on the 13th, 14th, 15, 27th and 28, and as low as 49 and 52 degrees for five days. Bed spreads were comfortable on the nights of the 16th, 17th and 18th, and fires were kindled during the days of the 17th, 18th and 19th. In 1915 the mean for June was 66 degrees, and in 1918 we had five days in the month that the temperature registered 102.

The rainfall was only 3.89 inches, the normal being 4.40. A 2½-inch fall came on the 29th. This was not as heavy as we had a year ago, 1919, when 3.95 inches fell on the 6th. A year ago we had 6.47 inches of rain; in 1917 we had a June rainfall of 9.07 inches, and in 1908 we had 12.05.

The Missouri river got close to the danger line on the 30th, reaching 11 feet 1 inch.

The following were the extremes for June, 1920:

	Max.		Min.
13.....	93	18.....	52
14.....	92	19.....	52
15.....	92	21.....	50
27.....	92	22.....	49
28.....	92	23.....	52

Mean maximum, 82; mean minimum, 59; mean, 70.

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Rainfall, 3.89. Greatest in twenty-four hours, 2.50 on the 29th, when 2.02 fell in one hour.

Family Reunion.

The second annual reunion of the Hodgkin family of Holt and Atchison counties, was held Sunday, July 4, when fifty-six men, women and children assembled at the residence of W. S. Hodgkin and wife in Oregon, for the purpose of having a real old fashioned love feast.

All of those present were descendants of the three early settlers in Holt county—John, Joseph and Jas. N. Hodgkin, who came to and located in Holt county in 1854, and who lived and died here. These three were farmers and most of their descendants are farmers today.

Mrs. Johnson and daughter, Pearl, of North Carolina, were the only ones living out of Missouri present. Mrs. Susan Hodgkin, of Maitland, was the oldest present, being 71 years of age, and Edith Gregory, of Atchison county, was the youngest, 3 months old.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Hodgkin, of Arizona; Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Hodgkin, of Colorado, and Mrs. Florence Glenn and children, of Texas, were absent this year.

The good wives saw to it that plenty of good things to eat were on the table. A splendid time was had. All went home more than pleased because of being present. One noted characteristic of this family is that they are all Republicans.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hodgkin and children, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Brugh and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Thompson and daughter, Miss Una, Harold Gregory and wife, Will Fred and wife, Lewis Hodgkin and wife, Jake Kline and wife, Roy Kline and wife, Dike Williams, wife and children, Fred Fleener and wife, Jim Hodgkin, Lester Hodgkin, wife and children, W. H. Hodgkin and wife, Wm. N. Hodgkin and family, E. Hodgkin, wife and son, Harold Hodgkin and wife, Susan Hodgkin, W. S. Hodgkin and family, Mrs. Abby Johnson and daughter, Zephra and Herschel Edwards.

Rural Route Schedule.

By order of the Department, the Rural Carriers of this post office, will leave the office at 9 a. m., instead of 9:30 a. m., until October 1st.

Patrons having orders for the merchant to send out on the route by parcel post should take note of this, and send in their orders earlier so as to enable the merchant to get them to the post office in time.

This order does not effect the mail service, and patrons on the route will receive the same mails as before but a half hour earlier, when the trains are on time.

POST MASTER.

James M. Cox Nominated.

The Hindenburg line was broken. The Crown Prince of Democracy was defeated.

Governor James M. Cox, of Ohio, was the victor, winning the Democratic nomination for the presidency on Tuesday of this week, July 6, on the 44th ballot, by the national Democratic convention, after a nine days' session.

The deadlock was broken by the withdrawal of Attorney General Palmer. In the turn-over of the Palmer delegates, Cox gained the advantage over William G. McAdoo, his rival, for first place.

The convention has been one of the most tumultuous in the history of the party, and the nomination of Mr. Cox is accepted as a victory for the wets. James A. Reed, of Kansas City, the senior senator from Missouri, was ruled out of the convention as a delegate from Missouri.

William J. Bryan played even by prevention of the adoption of a wet plank, and lost in his fight for a dry plank.

The features of the platform are: Complete silence upon the wet and dry question.

Emphatic endorsement of the League of Nations with a demand for prompt ratification without nullifying reservations, but with an expression of willingness to accept reservations clarifying the covenant or making it more specific with respect to American obligations.

A simple expression of sympathy for Irish aspirations, without reference to American recognition.

Rejection of the administration plank recommending acceptance by the United States of a mandate for Armenia.

Pledge of support for aiding American veterans of the World War to acquire farms and homes, but no promise of a money bonus.

Strong planks on labor, agriculture, the interests of women and woman suffrage.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York, assistant secretary of the navy, was nominated for vice-president.

The Camp Fire Girls Should Furnish Inspiration.

A large crowd greeted the Camp Fire girls in the second rendition of their play, Wednesday evening, June 30th. The play was delightfully presented, and the ability of the young actresses was remarkable. A most pleasing part of the evening's entertainment were the musical numbers given between the acts.

The accomplishments of the Camp Fire Girls are demonstrations of what can be done, and what must be done, to aid our young people to develop their talents. The two organizations of Camp Fire Girls who gave this play were formed less than a year ago, but they have brought great enjoyment, education and benefits to their members. Only through organization and working together can this be accomplished. The work of the Camp Fire Girls, not only in presenting this play, but in other activities, should be an eye-opener to the parents of the need we have here for systematic organization and instruction in all lines of the social and educational life of our young people.

Oregon should have a gymnasium with a competent manager in charge to direct our young people in their games and athletics. We must have a place and opportunity for our young people to develop their talents whether that be in the dramatic line, in the musical line, or in the many other social and educational activities that spell LIFE, not only for the young, but for all.

In short, we need a Community House, and must have it. And we are going to have it. The Community Service and Recreation League are laying plans in that direction. This will not be an ygrat task. Rock Port, our sister city in Atchison county, started out to raise \$40,000.00 for a Memorial Community House. The last report was that they had practically doubled this amount and the subscription lists are not yet closed. What others can we do.

The rest room, opened by the Community Service League, was welcomed by our visitors at the Fourth of July Celebration, and proved its necessity.

The room is to be kept open every day. The League also plans to use the room for recreation and social purposes, evenings. Announcements of their definite plans will be given later.

Still Climbing.

It offers us great pleasure and we know his many friends in Holt county, where he was raised, will be as well pleased as we are to know that Ed Smith, son of W. H. Smith, of Clay township, who has been with the United Railway company, of St. Louis, for 17 years, has accepted a position with the National Cash Register company, of Dayton, Ohio, and with his family will leave for Dayton, September 1, 1920, after living in St. Louis 19 years. He also served two years as chief engineer for the Board of Education of St. Louis. The salary he has been receiving with the railway company in St. Louis has been \$8,000 per annum, and this salary will now be doubled by the Cash Register company, of Dayton, Ohio. We join with his many friends in sincere congratulations on his promotion, and know that he will more than make good.

—The Community League will appreciate your presence at the Musical, Friday night.

Realty Sales Four Million.

In the six months which ended Wednesday last, June 30, there were 364 warranty transfers of real estate in Holt county, involving a total of \$4,443,664. It was the most active six months in real estate ever recorded here, and exceeded by \$1,000,000 the total for 1919, which was the heaviest annual sales in the history of the county. The average deal amounted to \$12,209. The warranty transaction for the first six months in 1919 were \$2,520,767.

The total trust deeds filed for the first six months of 1920 amounted to \$2,164,345, and for the six months of 1919, \$1,512,299. The trust deeds filed for the first six months of 1920, were \$164,000 in excess of what they were for the entire year of 1919.

The releases for the six months of 1920 amounted to \$1,297,670, or about the same figure for the entire year of 1919.

The financial stringency and the coming of summer brought some recession in the June sales, they only amounted to \$196,699 during the month, against \$246,640 for the same month in 1919.

The biggest sale of the month was that of A. H. Murray to J. E. Ramsey, a. e. 35, 60, 58 for \$37,000.

June, 1920 Marriages.

It wasn't a blank in marriages licenses issued for June as it was in May, and Records Simpson was very much pleased over this fact, and while he only issued six licenses during June, 1920, he says it beats issuing none at all. The following parties obtained their licenses here and abroad.

James N. Coonce and Miss Mary L. Steinhauer, of Ruio, Nebr., were married June 30th, by Judge Harry M. Dungan.

Romer C. Edwards, of Forest City, and Miss Freda Ott, of Forbes, June 25, by Rev. H. A. Feldman.

John R. Fielder, of Nemaha, City, Nebraska, and Mrs. Ruby Wood, of Pueblo, Colo., June 19th, by Judge Harry M. Dungan.

Dwight W. Loucks, of Mound City, and Miss Arletta Penny, of Maitland, June 9, by Rev. L. D. Nener.

Milton S. Moore, Milwaukee, Wis., and Katherine Gregory, of Kansas City, in Kansas City, June 8.

Russell W. Meyer, Oregon, and Frances U. Soper, of St. Joseph, in St. Joseph, June 30.

Roy Springs, of Forbes, and Lizzie Sneed, of Martineville, Mo., in St. Joseph, June 21.

Henry Spreckelmeyer and Miss Mary Belle Prussman, of Forest City, June 9, by Rev. H. A. Dougherty.

Lloyd L. Smith and Miss Roberta Emerson, of Forest City, June 24.

Russell W. Wilson and Nell Cantlin, of Mound City, in St. Joseph, June 30.

Pushing the Work.

The Squaw Creek Drainage District land owners held their meeting at Bigelow, Tuesday of last week, June 29, and elected H. L. Everson, as commissioner for five years.

The board as now constituted is composed of P. W. Zachary, president; John E. Slater, Walter Beck, H. L. Everson, J. W. Fitzmaurice. W. H. Richards is the attorney, and Frank Walker is secretary, though not members of the board.

The Jacoby Engineering Co., of Kansas City, who are in charge of this work, have completed the work from the north end of the district to the Mound City and Bigelow road and south to Napier on the east side of the old Squaw Creek ditch, and the corps of engineers are now working north on the west side of the ditch back to Bigelow, which they completed this week.

The work thus far done embraces one-half of the lands in the district.

About two-thirds of the funds necessary to pay for this work have already been paid into the hands of the county collector, and suits for the remainder will be instituted at the coming October term of our Circuit court, so there will not likely be any delay caused from lack of funds for this work.

He Let It Go.

County Collector Alkire and deputy, Miss Buetzer, have finished their job of sending back to the various income tax payers, that portion of the tax that the Supreme Court in a late decision had declared to have been collected unlawfully.

The Missouri Supreme Court made its ruling that last year's income taxes must be figured on a basis of both the 1917 law and that passed by the 1919 legislature, which would make a difference in exemptions and rates of tax. Collectors in all parts of Missouri have been wondering what to do with the tax money which they have already collected and were holding until a ruling was made.

Instructions finally told them to remit 40 per cent of the taxes to those who had paid them and send in 60 per cent to the state.

In Holt county when the income tax book was turned over to Collector Alkire by County Clerk Kunkel, he found there were 26 corporations and 427 individuals liable for income tax in the aggregate, \$9,982. On the basis of 40 per cent refund, Mr. Alkire had to return to these parties a total of nearly \$4,000, and to do this a letter had to be written to each and check sent along—and now the collector and his deputy are glad indeed that the job is done, even if he did lose the money.

UNDER THE BIG TOP.

As Seen By A Gentleman From The Provinces.

III.

I left you for the time at least in base ball parlance with Wood at bat and Lowden on first, and Friday shows one of the great convention signs—the unblanketing of the horses and the strains that ever marks the starters' stand when the race is on—a goodly sight, truly, and this was no exception to the general rule.

Friday, I found myself in a taxi, taking Miss Dailmyer, Mrs. Nichols and my daughter to the opening session of the convention. I had intended to give the Sentinel and its readers a real idyllic little love story connected with Miss Dailmyer on the theory that all the world loves a lover, something that among the Missourians in attendance at the convention was like a golden ray of sunshine on a great painting, irradiating the whole, but an untoward incident has prevented. Now my age is usually put down at 38 by discerning and discriminating people, of course, and you can imagine the wound to my amour propre when during this ride, Miss Dailmyer alluded to me as "Dad." Naturally I felt that my charming friend, Miss Dailmyer, in showing such bad judgment on ages, might be showing a judgement equally poor in selecting a husband—many girls are doing such things this year, I hear—hence I am not going to give you the wretched story I had intended doing, nor I regret to add was this the only wound to my self vanity I received during the convention. I had thought that my own achievements in the world and politics, in the past at least, had given me some little position and standing among my fellows at the convention—never was I in greater error. I was simply known as Mrs. Chas. Geiger's father—can you imagine a greater blow, after the "Dad" episode to my already sorely wounded dignity? I confess I felt much such indignation as my simple friend, John McCarthy, of the old McCarthy House in Jefferson City, who when a guest seemed to reflect upon his importance or impugn his judgment on any question, whether of moment or not, would draw himself proudly up and witheringly say, "Sir, evidently you don't know me, or what I mean to this community. On the matter at issue, I certainly ought to know, Sir, for I have crossed the ocean ten times and kept hotel in Florida." And here in this convention I found myself relegated to the shade, "as Mrs. Charles Geiger's father," and in the "I have crossed the ocean ten times and kept hotel in Florida" class. Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

But the band has struck up a lively tune—the old elephant has trumpeted loudly, and the convention is again in session, and they are beginning to unblanket the thoroughbreds, and Governor Henry J. Allen takes the floor to nominate General Leonard Wood. Just as he opened his speech thousands of red and green feathers emblazoned with General Wood's name were wafted down from the rafters and roof of the hall in graceful waves and fell on the delegates, to be seized by the men, and placed in their hats, and by the women in their corsages, as Allen spoke. The best part of his address was possibly his allusions to the General as being the best known American, a plain, blunt American, with a plain, blunt belief in facts, and we saw him accepting whatever task was given into his hands with the cheerful obedience of those who submerge self in service. His nominating speech fell rather flatly on the audience. It was not the great address Wood's friends expected and detracted from rather than added to his reputation as an orator. Had he adapted his speech to the pithy slogan, which I thought the Wood men would use, namely "He has kept us out of war," with its implied eulogy to Wood and its savage irony on Woodrow Wilson and his course on refusing Wood leadership across the seas. Had this address, I repeat, been greater I think it would have made Allen the nominee of the convention for vice-president, but opportunity knocks only once at any man's door. Wood's name was seconded by Frank Knox, of New Hampshire, who served as a private under the General, in a pleasant little speech, and was followed by Mrs. Douglas Robinson, of New York. President Roosevelt's sister, still wearing mourning for her distinguished brother. The convention gave her a rising ovation when she arose to speak. She is a slender nervous woman, of the fighting Roosevelt blood, and she showed it as she faced that great audience. She spoke with a clear, resonant voice, with crisp, easy enunciation, such as made her voice heard where others had not been. "America," she said, "wanted Wood for President, not because he was my brother's friend, but every true American's friend. We want not the man who takes the psychological moments. We want the man who makes them." With ringing tones, she said, "We must have for President the kind of a man that will look from America out and not from Europe in," and she concluded by saying that we never want a man again like Woodrow Wilson who waits between right and neutrality. The address was a talking one with the crowd, and the lady was cheered to the echo, and there then ensued a series of cheering and waving of hats on the

floor and in galleries, and for the first time I saw women taking part in the walk around the floor of the convention, such as is usually incident to great occasions like this. Then followed the naming of Governor Frank O. Lowden by Congressman William A. Rodenburg, of East St. Louis. A big man, with a big voice, and a knowledge of how to use it, took the stand. At no time since the birth of the Republican party had there been greater need for the exercise of calm, deliberate and dispassionate judgement in the selection of a standard bearer than today. He described the great ship of state, floating helplessly, straining in every timber, on a sea of uncertainty, with an unskilled pilot at the helm, and one lured by false lights along the shore. Three score years ago at a time when the passions of men were stirred to their depths, the nation turned for leadership to Illinois. We gave them Abraham Lincoln, and grandly, nobly, he met the test, and now in 1920, Illinois stands ready to consecrate another of her great sons to the service of the great Republican party—we present the patriotic governor of a patriotic state, Frank O. Lowden. The nomination of Lowden was seconded by Charles E. Pickett, of Iowa, in a ringing address, and he was followed by Mrs. Fletcher Dobyns in a very pleasing, but short address, and then Governor Morrow, of Kentucky, took the stand to make the final seconding speech. Governor Morrow, I feel, one of the coming men in the Republican party and destined to be one of its great leaders. (I have never seen a Morrow, but what was a big man in ability—it runs in the strain of this wonderful Kentucky Republican family, and his address showed it.) When he said give us Frank O. Lowden to lead the battle line in November and we will smash the Hindenburg line of Southern Democracy forever, and when he closed by adding, give him this nomination and he will bring home the bacon in November, the convention cheered him to the echo, and the demonstration lasted a full half hour, and then California was called, and Charles E. Wheeler took the stand to present Hiram Johnson—cat 'em up raw, Hiram—he had been represented as a man who could hold a bull dog by the jaws and pull out his teeth as easily as a 16-year-old girl pulls a wad of Wrigley's Spearmint from her mouth. What Wheeler did was to tire the delegates with an interminable speech, offending all the delegates of other candidates by his insinuations and attacks upon them, and by asking presumably wise questions, which permitted the galleries and their ready wits to return answers that put him in most embarrassing positions and made him at times appear absolutely ridiculous, and when he said that Johnson's campaign fund was entirely inadequate to meet legitimate expenditures, the galleries burst into roars of laughter, and some one yelled out, "after it took your man \$200,000 to carry California alone, Hiram's ideas of legitimate expenses is as elastic as my lady's garters," and when Wheeler further spoke of how little publicity Johnson's campaign was getting, there were shouts of "Hearst, Hearst, Hearst," which fairly shook the building. When I heard these violent attacks on the other candidates and their friends, I was reminded of my genial Democratic friend, Charley Patterson's remark, "Edmond," he said Edmond, Charley always would call an uncertain cow in the barnyard, it is all right to tie a figure 8 in her tail if you ain't thirsty and like joyous excitement and it is just amusement you're after, but if you wish peace and happy contentment and her nine quarts, you've got to approach her gently from the side furthest from the fence, and say so boss, so boss, in the same cautious, cooing tone you would use were you asking your best girl to let you hold her little white hand when you were taking her buggy riding, and I ought to know, Edmond, for I have approached cows both ways. It happened that I was seated by a little vivacious black-eyed little lady, who evidently loved not Hiram, for she looked up at me and said, "This convention alone ought to be a mirror enough to show Johnson that he has no more show of winning this nomination than has the average grocery-man of getting a rebate from Armour's for skippers," which bit of wisdom from my little vis-a-vis went to show me that nothing tells the truth quicker to a woman than a mirror or lies harder to a man. This speech of Wheeler's put Johnson on the toboggan slide. "It was terrible," admitted MacSwain, whom I met at the state convention at Kansas City, and who was Johnson's publicity agent, "but the lady from California told us that this boy Wheeler was a she wolf, who could make Demosthenes look like a 6-year-old girl reciting, 'We are Seven,' or the poverty stricken McAdoo's campaign fund of \$10,000,000 look as small as a crab apple on the tree in early December. We couldn't help it, it is simply hell, ain't it, and it was I am fain to admit.

Hoover was put in nomination by Nathan N. Miller, a slim looking man, of the moth-eaten Wm. G. McAdoo type, with sad, soulful eyes and wiggly wiggly ears, and something of that Democratic statesman's absorbing, as you notice that word absorbing, as applied to Wm. G. McAdoo it, always means much—just when he is sitting

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